In the Ghetto

Mac Davis

As the snow flies
On a cold and gray Chicago mornin'
A poor little baby child is born
In the ghettoAnd his mama cries
'Cause if there's one thing that she don't need
It's another hungry mouth to feed
In the ghettoPeople, don't you understand
The child needs a helping hand
Or he'll grow to be an angry young man some day
Take a look at you and me,Are we too blind to see,
Do we simply turn our heads
And look the other way
Well the world turnsAnd a hungry little boy with a runny nose
Plays in the street as the cold wind blows
In the ghetto
And his hunger burnsSo he starts to roam the streets at night
And he learns how to steal
And he learns how to fight
In the ghettoThen one night in desperation
A young man breaks away
He buys a gun, steals a car,
Tries to run, but he don't get farAnd his mama cries
As a crowd gathers 'round an angry young man
Face down in the street with a gun in his hand
In the ghettoAs her young man dies,
On a cold and grey Chicago mornin',
Another little baby child is born
In the ghettoAnd his mama cries
In the ghetto
In the ghetto

Songwriters
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